

**A Short Answer to the booke called: Beware the Cat,**

**T**o the ientil reder: harti salutations,  
Desiring thee to knoe: Baldewins straunge fashions  
And if in aunsering: I appere sum what quick,  
Thinke it not with out cause. his taunts be riue & thick  
Where as ther is a boke, called: beware the cat,  
The veri truith is so, that Stremer made not that,  
No: no suche false fabels: fell ever from his pen,  
No: from his hart o: mouth: as knoe mani honest men  
But wil ye gladli knoe, who made that boke in dede,  
One Wylisam Baldewine. God graunt him wel to spede  
God graunt him mani new yerres, prosperite and helth  
As he hath in this thing: farderd the Comon welth  
With large lesure, b: o: wne studi: he musing all alone  
Devised by what meanes: he might win the whetstone  
Every thing almost: in that boke is as tru,  
As that at Midsomer: in London it doth su.  
Every thing almost: in that boke is as tru,  
As that his nose to my dock: is ioynd fast with glu,  
Put vp your pipes Baldewine: if you can make no better,  
Many talk moze Wittili: th at knoe not one letter,  
Put on your cap Baldewine: & kepe your bzayn pan warme  
Least ye go to Bedlem: if suche toyes in you swarme  
Rede this litel Short Rime: Baldewinken, til moze cum:  
And with Stremeres excrements: be bold to noint your gum  
In stede of Diaglum, in stede of Coloquintida,  
In stede of ru barbarum, o: casia fistula.  
If the maker hereof: had bin at moze lesure.  
Ye had had from his hande: a moze precious trefure  
But in the meane season: content your selfe with this,  
For your Bagagical boke, a warme a. r. s. you may kys.  
O: els a payre of stockes: if officers do wel,  
You hurt a harmeles man: which no such tales did tel,  
As ye were disposed: loude lyes on him to make,  
Which many Wittli things: wrytes for his countreys sake.  
Alas I wolde to God: your boke were halfe so good,  
I wylh you no moze harme: no: to your swete hart bloud  
The pith of this paper, (if any man in it loke)  
Is to deni utterli, that Stremer made that boke  
The boke (of ten leaves) was printed every worde  
Er Stremer saw any pece, to wipe away a t. o. r. d.  
Tergendis natibus, som thought his boke was good  
O: to cari spicci, to cherische a sick mans bloud.  
Therfoze ientyl reder: beware what credence thou ghive  
The truth here conteyned: thou mayst boldly belive  
Baldwins toyes do belong: to thee o: any other  
As well as they do touche Stremer, his poze brother.  
And now Iuge good hirers: whether he be a good man  
Of whom I write these things: as truli as I can.  
If that be not a grete faute, so to hurt a mans name,  
Without sufficient cause: what crime shuld a man blame?  
Cmnia si perdas: famam servare memento: Qua semel amissa postea nullus eris,  
If thou lese all (sayth he) yet reserue honest fame  
If that be ones clene gon: go home and suck thy dame.  
I am loth for to rayle, as Baldwin hath begun  
For so bet wine vs both: a fayre threde shuld be spun  
This miche I haue wryten: that the truth shuld be knowen  
And that the falsite: shuld quite be overthowen. **Finis.**